

His Avenger

Later Events Showed
a Mistake

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The men of the Lone Bull ranch had finished supper and were gathered about the long table over newspapers and cards. Most of them were smoking, and the air was blue with the exhalations from pipes and cigarettes.

The Chinese cook flapped into the room noisily. He addressed the company impartially in a high, complaining voice:

"Him, Hally Bally, no come eat chow; him sab I keep chow velly hot till him come around."

Harry Barry's seven comrades fixed piercing eyes on the cook. Gabriel spoke, smothering a yawn with one lean hand before he did so.

"I guess he sab you'll keep his supper hot for him, Lee. If you don't," he paused significantly, and the wrathful Chinaman found seven blue muscled revolvers focused upon different parts of his anatomy.

"Understand?" snapped Gabriel. Lee's straw slippers flapped restlessly on the bare floor. His frightened, beady eyes roved from one to another of the stern faces. He nodded his head like a toy mandarin. "Yes, yes, I sab velly, velly much."

"You will keep Mr. Barry's supper hot for him?"

"Velly hot!" said Lee forcibly. "As hot as"—And he named the hottest place there is.

The seven were still shaking with silent laughter over the episode when there came the rapid thud of small hoofs and the Widow Clancy slipped from her saddle at the door and stood before them.

"Where is Harry Barry?" she demanded in a low, intense voice. All the pretty color had fled from her face, and her pallor was enhanced by the vivid Auburn of her lovely hair.

"Where is Harry Barry?" she repeated as they arose and clustered around her.

"We've been expecting him every minute. He oughter been back long ago," drawled Gabriel.

"Mebbe his horse went lame," suggested the Crane from the background. One of two others offered suggestions as to the probable cause of Harry Barry's absence even while they expected to witness his dashing arrival at any instant. At last they stood mutely before the pale widow and waited for her to speak again.

"You're a clever lot of fabricators!" she sneered.

A look of concern came into Gabriel's face. "You don't think he's got into any trouble, Mrs. Clancy?" he asked quickly.

"As if you didn't know!" Her voice trembled with grief and anger. "As if you didn't know! What has he done that you—the men that he called his mates, his friends—yes, every one of you—what has he done that you should string him to the tallest cottonwood at the springs?"

"What!" thundered Gabriel, pushing forward. "Harry Barry hanging—where did you say?" The seven who loved the merry hearted comrade whose grave danger had caused them alarm on another occasion listened with white faces while Mrs. Clancy explained in a shaking voice:

"I saw him myself. His horse was staked under the tree. I was a quarter of a mile off when I happened to see him dangling up there in the tree. She hid her face in her hands and shuddered. 'I was looking for a lost critter and had my fieldglasses.'"

"Mrs. Clancy," said Gabriel heavily, for he loved Harry like a younger brother, "there is some mistake. You can count on the seven of us to avenge Harry if harm has come to him."

"I am his avenger," said Mrs. Clancy coldly. "I want you seven to come along with me."

The seven silently obeyed more from pity for the agitated woman than because they were fearful of her threats.

Harry Barry's comrades were grief stricken at the disaster that had overtaken their friend. What could he have done to have merited the severest penalty of that unprotected country, where justice is swiftly meted out wherever it is outraged, with the dome of heaven for a courtroom and the victims for judge and jury?

Crane, who was leading the file, turned and spoke to Gabriel, who was next. "You remember once before we was hauled out to save Harry, the time when we got the letter about the Last Hope?"

"Sure," returned Gabriel, "and we found that the Last Hope was the name of a mine he'd discovered. Mebbe there ain't anything in this either." He smiled hopefully.

The Widow Clancy's voice came nervously shrill from the rear. "Laugh, will you?" she cried. "One of you laugh again and I'll put a—b-b-bullet—through—y-y-you!" She suddenly broke into tears and bowed her head on the neck of her pony. Gabriel was beside her in an instant.

"You're mistaken, Mrs. Clancy," he said soothingly. "We was only remembering that Harry scared us once before. You remember we're told you about the Last Hope mine and how we rode all night chasing that boy, only to find him alive and well at the end of the trip, and we can't help but

think there's some mistake now and that Harry can't be done away with."

"But I saw him!" cried the widow plaintively. "I saw him there, his head drooping. Oh, it was awful!"

"We think—we're sure that he wouldn't do one of the things he'd have to hang for," was Gabriel's earnest assurance.

"Of course he wouldn't!" Mrs. Clancy lifted her tear stained face and turned drenched blue eyes upon him. Gabriel was relieved. To see the spunky little widow giving way to grief was so foreign to her disposition that he was alarmed.

"Mebbe you'd like to wait here while we go and investigate," he suggested, but the widow was firm in her determination to be on the spot.

"You ain't used to such scenes, ma'am," protested Crane audibly, for they had paused to discuss the question.

"I may as well get used to it—if it kills me," declared Mrs. Clancy, and then, fixing glowing eyes upon each in turn, she said earnestly: "I want you to understand I appreciate you're been good friends to me ever since I came from the east, and I know you've all been good friends to Harry, but if I'm convinced that his being up here is your fault—why, why, the whole seven of you will hang for it if I have to do it myself!" The widow looked perfectly capable of engineering any number of lynchings at that moment.

Absurd as was the situation from one point of view, there was the tragedy in the background, and it was a grave preoccupied party that swung around the last hill as the sun dropped its lower rim below the horizon.

A yellow shaft of sunlight struck the cottonwoods, and from the tallest one something dangled from a stout upper limb.

"Don't you look, ma'am—wait till we come back," commanded Gabriel with sudden authority, and he pressed a flank into her hand.

The brave hearted little widow suddenly lost courage and bowed her head once more on the neck of her pony.

When the seven pounded to a standstill under the cottonwood tree they slipped from their saddles and hesitated. Harry Barry's roan horse whinnied sharply, and then, apparently from the air above them, came a familiar voice, peevish, as if from long waiting.

"Don't stand staring like idiots! I'm plumb tired out hanging up here!" it said.

The seven turned awed looks upon one another, and as by one accord the youngest and strongest, the two Lewises, Jim and Tim, sprang toward the tree and fairly spurred their way up into the lower branches, from which they mounted higher. Then there came the sound of several voices raised in inquiry, explanation and disputation.

After a while three men came down the tree instead of the two who had climbed up. The third man was Harry Barry, for his limbs seemed stiff and his face was quite pale. He smiled as cheerily as ever as they gathered around him.

"Another one on me," he grinned sheepishly when they had administered restoratives to him. "I was coming back from dosing the sick critter, when I took a notion to climb that there tree and look around the land, and see if there was anybody I knew sashaying around—laugh if you want!" he said as a knowing smile went the round of the group.

"I went up in the tree, and I looked, and I thought I saw way off an old friend of mine" (he showed all his white teeth), "and so I was in a hurry to get down, and my heel caught in a crooked little branch, and I fell kerplunk till a handy little stump of a broken limb caught hold of my belt, and there I hung as fine as silk. That was all beautiful and nice, only, gents, it was so that there was a sharp little prongy branch sticking out of the tree right behind my shoulders, and I couldn't move hand or foot without catching it like a knife, so there I hung till I went to sleep a white back. When I woke up I was all numb and cold from hanging there. I'm feeling better now, thanks. Next thing I knew I heard you fellows coming and seen you out the corner of my eye."

They examined the small ragged tear in Harry's shirt between his shoulder blades, and they saw that the flesh was red and bruised from the torturing branch that had pierced it.

"You had a narrer escape," said Gabriel soberly.

"I guess you won't get to breaking no laws now," joked Hem Wayland. "You've somehow got a taste of what a necktie party feels like when you're the guest of honor."

Crane had ridden ahead to break the good news to Mrs. Clancy, and Gabriel suddenly vanished into his saddle and wheeled about. "We chaps better be making for the Lone Bull. Lee's keeping your supper hot for you, Harry."

"And there's a lady waiting around the corner for you," added Jim Lewis over his shoulder as he followed Crane.

"A lady—who-ah!" The question died on Harry Barry's lips as the Widow Clancy's little pony dashed toward the cottonwood tree, bearing a slender, erect figure, with an aureole of as-born hair and dancing blue eyes. There was no lack of color in her cheeks as she saw the stalwart form of Harry.

"Good! Let's get out of this!" gasped Jim Lewis as he followed the rest of the seven in their mad dash to escape the tender scene that would follow.

"Let's go home and see Lee has supper plenty hot for them," suggested Gabriel, and soon the faithful seven were dim dots on the twilight plain.

Following them in the mystic light came Harry Barry and his sweetheart, dining slowly, hand in hand.

The Following Letter

has been received from a telephone subscriber:

"We are unfortunate enough at present to have our little boy down with scarlet fever, and as a result, my wife is completely shut off from all communication with her friends and shopkeepers, etc., except for her telephone."

Without the telephone my wife would certainly be at her wits' end in maintaining the absolutely necessary communication with the outside world. With a telephone, not only is she able to receive sympathy and encouragement from our friends, but she is able to obtain service from all the shopkeepers."

Every family should have a telephone.

NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.

C. A. WOOLSEY, Local Agent.

294 Bloomfield Avenue,

Montclair, N. J.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that objections in writing to work and materials done and used in the hereinafter named improvements must be filed with the Town Clerk on or before Monday, February 19th, 1912, on which date the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield will meet at eight o'clock P. M. in the Council Chamber, Bloomfield National Bank Building, Bloomfield, N. J., to consider any objections which may be filed as aforesaid.

Ashland avenue, Bedford road.
Mauls avenue, South, Bedford road.
Clinton street, Bedford road (Mauls avenue to Evergreen avenue).
Evergreen avenue, Bedford road, (Ashland avenue to Glenwood avenue).
Oak street, sanitary sewer.
Ashland avenue, bluestone walk, east side (Broad street to Washington street).
Clinton street, concrete walk and gutter, (Mauls avenue to Evergreen avenue).
Glenwood avenue, concrete walk and curb (Mottler place to Arlington avenue).
Evergreen avenue, concrete curb and sidewalk (Ashland avenue to Glenwood avenue).
Clinton street, concrete walk and curb, south side (Broad street to Spring street).
Mottler place, concrete walk, (from Carteret street, south).
Olive street, concrete walk, east side (Eric Railroad to Montgomery street).
Spring street, concrete sidewalk and curb, west side.

By order of the Town Council.

RAYMOND F. DAVIS, Town Clerk.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of Assessment have filed with the Town Clerk their official reports, maps and assessments of the whole costs and expenses in the matter of the following improvements, and the same are now open to the inspection of those interested:

Clinton street, from Crown street, Lake street and Roosevelt avenue.
Berkeley avenue, bluestone sidewalk (Newark street to Glenwood avenue).
Ashland avenue, bluestone walk, east side.
Ashland avenue, bluestone walk, west side.
Berkeley avenue, concrete walk, east side.

Notice is also given that the Bloomfield Town Council at a regular meeting held January 15th, 1912, did fix and determine Monday evening, February 19th, at eight o'clock, at the Bloomfield Council Chamber, National Bank Building, Bloomfield, as the time and place when and where said Council will meet to consider any objections which may be filed in writing to the aforesaid reports, maps and assessments.

By order of the Town Council.

RAYMOND F. DAVIS, Town Clerk.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of Assessment have filed with the Town Clerk their official reports, maps and assessments of the whole costs and expenses in the matter of the following improvements, and the same are now open to the inspection of those interested:

East Liberty street, concrete walk, (Franklin street to Newark avenue).
Berkeley avenue, concrete walk, east side.

Notice is also given that the Bloomfield Town Council at a regular meeting held January 24th, 1912, did fix and determine Monday evening, February 19th, at eight o'clock, at the Bloomfield Council Chamber, National Bank Building, Bloomfield, as the time and place when and where said Council will meet to consider any objections which may be filed in writing to the aforesaid reports, maps and assessments.

By order of the Town Council.

RAYMOND F. DAVIS, Town Clerk.

ORDINANCE.

An ordinance to amend an ordinance entitled "An ordinance to regulate and control the Fire Department of the Town of Bloomfield," adopted March 15, 1909.

Be it ordained by the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, that the following be and the same be amended as follows:

Section 15. Of the ordinance of which this ordinance is amendatory be and the same be amended as follows:

Section 15. Hereafter no Truck Company organized shall consist of more than twenty-five horses, and no horse-drawn company organized of more than twenty-one men.

Ordinance adopted January 14th, 1912.

WILLIAM HAUSER, Mayor of the Town of Bloomfield.

Attest: RAYMOND F. DAVIS, Town Clerk.

ESTATE OF GEORGE PETER.

September 7, 1911.
In the County of Essex, State of New Jersey, the undersigned, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, Executor of the will of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the creditors of said deceased, or to the undersigned, their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering the same against the estate of said deceased.

ANNA M. STEINBERG, Clerk of the Surrogate.

Notice of Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the undersigned, the executor of Sarah B. Schubert, deceased, who was the administratrix of her estate, and who died on January 15th, 1911, and who was appointed executor of her estate, will be audited and settled by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex on Friday, the 27th day of January next.

ADDITION M. HANDELING, Executor.

Safe Deposit Boxes.

You are invited to call and inspect our Safety Boxes in our Burglar and Fire Proof Vault. Boxes to rent at \$4.00 per annum. The Bloomfield National Bank—Adv.

Cookery Notes

Prune Souffle.

For prune souffle remove the pits from a large cupful of stewed prunes and chop fine. Add the whites of three eggs and half a cupful of sugar beaten to a stiff froth. Mix well, turn into a buttered dish and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream. If it is desired to cook this in individual cups butter the cups, fill only two-thirds full to allow for puffing up of the eggs and set the cups in a pan of water to bake. Some like a dash of cinnamon in this.

Another recipe for prune whip in which the making is omitted is especially rich. Take one pint of stewed prunes, one-third pint of thick cream, whites of six eggs and raspberry or loganberry jelly. After thoroughly draining the prunes pit them and rub them through a colander, but avoid rubbing the skins through as much as possible. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, then by degrees beat this into sifted prunes. If not sweet enough to suit the taste add a teaspoonful of sugar.

The delicacy of this dish depends largely upon the thoroughness with which the ingredients are beaten together. When well beaten together pour into a glass dish. Whip the cream and spread evenly over the top of pudding, then flick the whipped cream with bits of the jelly. Serve with cream or, if preferred, with a custard made from the yolks of six eggs.

Chicken Pie.

Two medium sized chickens, one pound of raw sausage, one slice of onion, a few herbs, a little chopped parsley, seasoning of salt and pepper, two cupfuls of cold water, one heaping tablespoonful of powdered gelatin, some pastry, one raw egg, one hard cooked egg and a few slices of cold ham.

Cut the chickens into neat, small joints and take out the bones. Skin the sausages. Put the bones, necks and gibbards into a pan with enough cold water to cover them; also the onion, herbs and seasoning. Let all simmer gently for an hour and a half. Put a layer of chicken in a pudding dish, then some slices of cold ham and hard boiled eggs. Sprinkle over these some chopped parsley, pepper and salt. Repeat these layers till the dish is full, then pour in the cold water. Put on the lid of pastry. Decorate it with leaves of pastry, glaze it with beaten egg and bake for two hours in a quick oven to begin with and then in a cooler. When it is done lift out the center ornament and pour in the stock made from the bones.

Stews That Are Good to Eat.

A variation of the old time Irish stew has the meat cooked with tomatoes, peppers and potatoes in place of the usual carrots and other vegetables. For a brown stew cut the cooked or uncooked meat in pieces, roll them in flour and fry them brown in drippings. Then turn in hot water and boil until the meat is within fifteen minutes of being tender. Add potatoes cut in pieces, a green pepper or two with the seeds removed, and cut in pieces a sweet red pepper or two prepared in the same way and a half cupful of tomatoes. Season with salt, pepper and a little paprika.

Clam Fritters.

The following batter is excellent for clam fritters: Sift a pint of flour with a teaspoonful each of salt, sugar and cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda. Add a tablespoonful of melted butter, one egg and half a pint of milk. Mix the flour, sugar, salt, soda and cream of tartar together and rub through a sieve. Whip the egg till very light and stir it into the milk, then beat it gradually into the dry ingredients. When the batter is smooth stir a very scant pint of chopped clams into it, taking care not to add enough clam juice to moisten it too much. Fry on a hot gridle.

Neapolitan Cake.

For neapolitan cake prepare two cake batteries, one white and the other yellow, and divide each batter into two parts. Color one half of the white batter a beautiful pink and leave the other half white. Color and flavor one half of the yellow batter with chocolate. Bake each of the cakes in layer form and when cold place the layers together with a nice soft icing flavored with orange juice. The yellow layer may be flavored with orange juice if desired and the white flavored with vanilla or almond. The pink may be flavored with strawberry or rose.

Pepper Nuts.

One pound of pulverized sugar, one pound of flour (very scant), three eggs, two ounces of chopped citron, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cloves, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, one-quarter of a pound of chopped almond meats. Beat the sugar and eggs one hour, then add the other ingredients, the citron last. Put in little lumps in greased pan. Bake in moderate oven.

An Attractive Sundae.

For an attractive sundae prepare a vanilla ice cream, divide it among as many sherbet glasses as there are guests to be served and sprinkle each with minced nut meats and pour around it some finely flavored syrup from a jar of the best preserved glaze.

SPEED OF BATTED BALLS.

In Hard Infield Hits They Go at the Rate of Sixty Miles an Hour.

Ask any fan how fast an average grounder travels during its first hundred feet from the bat, and his answer will be anywhere from 20 to 200 miles an hour. Split second watches and careful timing of many ground balls have established the fact that the average speed of many ground balls—that is, those struck by the bat of the batsman from a fair pitched ball, which strike the infield before they land in a fielder's hands—go at the rate of almost sixty miles an hour.

Sixty miles an hour is eighty-eight feet per second. The bases are ninety feet apart. A man who can run 100 yards in eleven seconds, which is fast running for any one, but particularly so for a man with baseball shoes and uniform on, can run ninety feet in 3.3 seconds. It is any wonder that a ball which is fielded in its first 100 feet of travel usually reaches first base just a fraction of a second before or after the runner sets foot upon it?

Every fan knows that the many close decisions at first base form one of the fascinations of the game. The speed of a batted ball, the speed at which a fielder can travel from his position to the point where he can meet and field the batted ball, the speed with which he can stop the ball, pick it up, set himself for the throw, make the throw, the speed of the ball across the diamond from his throw and the speed of the traveling runners are so nicely balanced that it is always a question of whether or not the runner will get there in time for the crowd to see the umpire's hands go down or whether he will face a thumb over a shoulder indicating that he is out.—Technical World Magazine.

THE STORE PROPERTY ROOM.

Holds Articles For Use in Window and Special Displays.

Every one has heard of the theatrical property room—the place where storied artificers are laid carefully away to be ready for the call of the next emergency. But few persons know that every big store has its property room, too, and that its wondrous contents are even more entrancing than those of the funny cupboard "back stage."

The shop's property room is filled with articles used for window display and special decorations, and, while the theatrical property is largely imitation, the store's property is real.

Rare old tapestries are laid away in the dim hidden chamber, to be used when occasion requires as backgrounds for Paris hats in the Broadway or Fifth Avenue windows, as draperies hung beside a choice collection of new hand bags or slippers or fans. Priceless vases from Italy, strange carved chests, wonderful screens—all these lend enchantment to the background of the window display or bring a real historic touch to the salon wherein is shown the season's newest millinery.

Many a fashionable New York shop decorates its windows now and then with but one hat, one costume, one piece of furniture. The rest is decoration, background, "property."

The property room is almost always in some queer, faraway corner of the store, a room badly lighted, well high inaccessible. But it is full of treasures. It calls back the atmosphere of medieval romance. It is comparable only to an ancient English attic.—New York Times.

Why There Was No Tip.

In a downtown restaurant which is usually crowded during the midday meal time a waiter took pains to secure places at one of his tables for two men who had been waiting for some time. The waiter received the thanks of both men and attended to their wants in a highly satisfactory manner. When the check was presented one of the men paid, received the change and left nothing on the salver for the waiter.

"You forgot to tip the waiter," said his companion. "No, I didn't. He's my landlord."—New York Tribune.

Bessie Wasn't That Kind.

"I wouldn't drink out of that cup," said little Johnnie to the well dressed young stranger, "that's Bessie's cup, and she's very particular who drinks out of it."

"Ah," said the young man as he drank the cup dry, "I feel honored to drink out of Bessie's cup. Bessie is your youngest sister, isn't she?"

"Not much! Bessie is my dog."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Real Need.

"Here's a soap, madam, that will not injure the finest fabrics," parroted the house to house canvasser.

"Fine," exclaimed the gentle woman. "Now, if you'll throw in the same variety of laundress with each package I'll be a steady customer."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Caught.

Merchant (to stranger)—I thank you, sir, for helping my clerk throw that book agent out. Now what can I do for you? Stranger—Ed like to sell you the "Life of Washington."—Boston Transcript.

Untamed.

"What makes you so sure that was a wild fowl?"

"The way it acted when I was trying to carve it."—Washington Star.

Well Recommended.

Housewife—Have you a reference from a former employer? Housemaid—Yes'm; I have eighty-six of 'em.—Pittsburgh Courier.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

With DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

ORDINANCE.

AN ORDINANCE TO PROVIDE FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A STORM SEWER IN A CERTAIN PORTION OF MAULS AVENUE, IN THE TOWN OF BLOOMFIELD, IN THE COUNTY OF ESSEX AND STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

Whereas, at a regular meeting of the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, held on the evening of the fourteenth day of November, nineteen hundred and eleven, a resolution was adopted by the unanimous vote of the said Town Council to initiate proceedings for the construction of a storm sewer in that portion of Mauls avenue hereinafter more particularly described, and

Whereas, the Town Clerk has filed in his office affidavits showing that the said resolution together with a notice signed by the said Town Clerk stating that objections in writing to the said proposed improvement could be filed with him and designating the time and place when and where the said Council would meet to consider such objections, has been duly determined, posted and served according to law and no objections having been made thereto;

Now, therefore, be it ordained by the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, as follows:

Section 1. That a storm sewer be constructed in the said Town of Bloomfield, beginning in Mauls avenue at the intersection of the same with the center line of Thomas street; thence running along Mauls avenue in a southeasterly direction four hundred (400) feet, more or less, to a point in Prospect street; thence running along Prospect street in a southeasterly direction two hundred and thirty (230) feet, more or less, to the Second river and ending there.

Section 2. That all of the expense and cost of the aforesaid improvement shall be assessed and paid as directed by law.

Section 3. That said improvement shall be made under the direction of the Sewer Committee of the said Town Council.

Section 4. That all ordinances and parts of ordinances inconsistent with this ordinance be and the same hereby are repealed.

Ordinance adopted January 2, 1912.

WILLIAM HAUSER, Mayor of the Town of Bloomfield.

Attest: RAYMOND F. DAVIS, Town Clerk.

ORDINANCE.

AN ORDINANCE TO PROVIDE FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A STORM SEWER IN A CERTAIN PORTION OF JAMES STREET, IN THE TOWN OF BLOOMFIELD, IN THE COUNTY OF ESSEX AND STATE OF NEW JERSEY.